THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } PROPRIETORS & EDITORS.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1848. VOL. XXVII.—NO. 1387.

Original Poetry.

THE CHOLERA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY T. HEMPSTEAD.

The pest went round in the lighted hall,
And the red wine caroused in the goblet's brim;
And the unsoly lamp on the supper-table wall,
Cast a strong of supernatural dusk and dim;
There was a youth in his beauty and pride,
With his head in strength and his eye of light,
But on summon one moved by his side,
And a voice went out on the breeze of night.

Tramp, tramp, tramp,
The pest is red abroad,
Hark to the trend of the skeleton crowd!

The song went up through the lighted hall,
The wed, the late, and the north were there;
The swearing's door and the goblet's fall,
And the tones that smit on the lagged air;
And the pounded wonder on all that head,
By the sheen of the lamp grew deadly pale,
For there came a footfall in that banquet hall—
Could it be that the caught on fearful tale?

Tramp, tramp, tramp,
Coffin and shroud,
The hostile and proud,
Hark to the trend of the skeleton crowd!

A mother wept where her infant lay,
As the stranger's step at the door of went by;
The fair in pallors rising away,
Nor was the pulse of the gayest gay;
And as over the whispering millions swung
In the weapon forever of the night,
And the cost from the lonely gazer sung,
Rolled over the under the banquet hour

Tramp, tramp, tramp,
Coffin and shroud,
The hostile and proud,
Hark to the trend of the skeleton crowd!

"Ho—ho!" he cried, not at all liking the strange proceeding, "are you mad?"

"Mad is it, ye thief!" retorted Kitty, who did not recognize the voice, and taking a more sure the time with her legs, brought him a tremendous blow along side of the head, which knocked him senseless.

Mr. W——, who was at the bottom of the stairs, heard her husband's exclamation, and knowing his voice, ran to his assistance. He found the room in time to see Kitty's formidable weapon come with terrific force against his head. Before the blow could be repeated, he Kitty, ejaculating her "Marie! Saints of a Virgin!" had lifted her pale again, Mrs. W——— threw her arms around her, and cried—

"Oh, Kitty, Kitty, for mercy's sake! It's Mr. W———, and you've killed him!"

"Mr. W———!" repeated the astonished Kitty, ruefully, stopping to free herself. "Is Mr. W———a fool, to come in so?"

But even Kitty's eyes, as soon as they took the pains to look more closely, saw that it was, in fact, Mr. W——— and not a thief. There were fallen over on his face, and his head and white neck were red with blood from the force of a rung.

The pale dropped from Kitty's hands, and with the exclamation—

"Och, murther!"

She turned and fled from the room with as good a will as she had entered it.

The blow which W——had received was of no use, beyond knocking him flat on his back, and leaving his hat badly. He soon recovered, very much frightened, however, and as he never caught a sight of himself, or a looking glass that long supposed, he was sure, that it took all parties in this exciting scene, and almost equally, some time to understand exactly what was the matter. The sudden appearance of the land more cannot that had driven him from the "Black Harte" with such speed, and the noise of pistol, if did pretty soon, explained all to him, and set him to rubbing his head and laughing.

Poor Kitty was so frightened at what she had done, that she gathered up her "duds" and fled, in shelter, to a neighbor's house, and was not seen by her husband.

Mr. W——, he was cured of his nocturnal visits to the "Black Horse," and love of whiskey terday. Some months afterwards, he regained the appearance cause, and from that time he did not "make home of the folks laugh. I have laughed over it myself, many a time, and laugh heartily at the report he made to me of what Kitty commenced beating him for a "thafe of a nager."

Original Sketch.

THE CZAR:
His Court, his Camp, and his People.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SECRET SOCIETIES.—THE REVOLT.

Secret societies have for many years existed and flourished in Russia, but they have always shared also in danger of tumbling upon the fuse, some of us retired on all sides, where he slept soundly, entertaining not the slightest suspicion of the mischief there were two or three man-of-war brigs, and that it would be capital fun to blacken the Czar's face, and "Make a Nigger" of him. Some one said than done. Some lamp-black and oil were mixed together on an old tin cup, and a coat of this paint had been laid over the features and the commission of what had been done, slept on an unwilling and unconscious victim.

Full two hours passed away before he awoke. Staggering up from the floor, he looked at the mother glass of whiskey today, while we made the old bar room ring again with our peals of laughter.

"What are you so much laughing at?" he said, as he leaned away that he was the subject of merriment, turning his face to the looking glass as he spoke.

"Gave ye Zip Coon, old fellow!" called out one of the "boys" who had helped him to his beautiful mask.

"No—no—Lucy Long! Give us Lucy Long!" cried another.

"Can't you dance Jim Crow? Try it. I'll sing the 'Wheel about and turn about, and do just so.'" New Long!

And the last speaker commenced singing Jim Crow.

W——— neither understood nor relished all this. But the more angry and mystified he became, the louder laughed the others, and the more free ran round their jests. At last, in a passion, he swore at us all, and left the room, and, as we thought, also left the long conspiracy that had for its end not only a revolution in the palace, but also a change in the face of Europe.

Secretly as those measures were concerted, a vague suspicion of them, if not something more definite, had got abroad, and the chief of the secret police, conscious that he was to see him just as he was. As he came out of the room, and was about to then look again, at a slow trot, concluding that by this time, the good woman was fast asleep. And so he was. He had not been in bed more than half an hour, and quietly into bed, without his boots, but half losing the water thoroughly.

On the next morning, Mr. W——— awoke first. But what was his surprise and horror on looking up, to see, instead of her lawful husband, what she thought a strapping negro, as black as charcoal, lying by her side. Her first impulse was to scream; but her presence of mind, in this trying position, enabled her to keep silence. But you may be sure that she didn't remain long in such close contact with the Darkey. But she! For slipping out of bed, quickly, but noiselessly, she glided from the room, and was soon down stairs in the kitchen, where a cried, two hard rubs, and a few sit words prepared a breakfast.

"Oh, Sam, Kitty!" she exclaimed, pouting for breath, and looking as pale as a ghost:—"Have you seen any thing of Mr. W——— this morning?"

"Och! no, and dear me,no. But what ails ye? I'y as white as a sheet?"

"Oh, mercy! Kitty. You wouldn't believe it, but there's been a negro in my room!"

"Gracious me! Mrs. W———. A nager?"

"Yes, indeed, Kitty," returned Mrs. W——, trembling as every limb. "And worse and worse, he's in my bed! I just 'woke, and thought it was Mr. W——— by my side. But when I looked over I saw, instead of his face, one as black as the coal. Mercy on me! I was frightened almost to death."

"Is he unlave?" asked Kitty.

"Yes, sound asleep and snoring. Oh, dear! What shall we do? Where in the world is Mr. W———? I'm afraid this negro has murdered him."

"Och! the blasted murtherin thafe!" exclaimed Kitty, her organ of combativeness, which was large, becoming suddenly excited. "I'll shave him what we'll do. Get into mistress's bed, and the lordy there herself, the wagabone! The black, murtherin' thafe of a villian!"

And Kitty, thanking of no danger to herself, was making any preparations for combat, when a timid shout hickory clothes pole that stood in one corner of the kitchen, and was ready to take a whack' with, hanging the pole against three, balusters or whatever came in the way. The noise she made aroused W——— from his sleep, and he raised up to ask just to Kitty entered the room.

"Oh, no, Mrs. W———, you're safe!" cried out Kitty, as she caught sight of his black face, petticoat into love with the pole, and clearing off her night cap, at the imminent risk of taking his head with it.

"Hallo!" he cried, not at all liking this strange proceeding, "are you mad?"

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Original Tales.

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY JOHN SMITH, OF INDIANA.

I have a story laid up in my knowledge box, that seems too good to let sleep there quietly any longer—so I will tell it, and if rather long, will make some of the folks laugh. I have laughed over it myself, many a time, and laugh heartily at the report he made to me of what Kitty commenced beating him for a "thafe of a nager."

I was enjoying my glass of *Jeje*, one night, at the table call "Black Horse," a tavern that stood in the east of S———, (I hadn't passed the great army of tavekeepers then,) when a neighboring farmer came in, whose countenance I knew well, though his name was not known unto all men. His name was ———, and he was a jolly sort of a man when sober; lively and chatty under the effects of a single glass; argumentative and obstinately pugnacious after the second toddy, and downright insulting and quarrelsome after getting beyond that number of drinks. We liked him and disliked him on these accounts.

On the occasion referred to, he passed through all these changes, and finally sank off to sleep by the warm stove, and I, who was not disposed to be a longer of tumbling upon the floor, some of us retired on all sides, where he slept soundly, entertaining not the slightest suspicion of the mischief there were two or three man-of-war brigs, and that it would be capital fun to blacken the Czar's face, and "Make a Nigger" of him. Some one said than done. Some lamp-black and oil were mixed together on an old tin cup, and a coat of this paint had been laid over the features and the commission of what had been done, slept on an unwilling and unconscious victim.

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"Oh, Sam, Kitty!" she exclaimed, panting for breath, and looking as pale as a ghost:—"Have

I have never seen a more tasteful and just portrait-feature at any one living, dying or dead, than that one, which Mr. Stansbury has fortunately sketched of Lord Byron for Fraser.

A very rare souvenir here strong opposition to the entire subjugation of Mexico, with a view to its annexation to, or incorporation with, the United States.

The first business of importance in order as announced by the chairman was the call upon the States for the introduction of resolutions, beginning with New York. Under this order various resolutions were offered from time. Prince Sichargin, Rostowski, Michael and Alexander Romanoff and several other officers passed through their ranks, addressing them in terms best calculated to inflame them against the new Czar. They informed that Constantine had never renounced the throne; that he was a prisoner, as was the Grand Duke Michael, the commander of the regiment, and that the oath exacted was an unworthy abuse of their credulity. They added that should Constantine become Emperor, he would increase their pay and improve discretion that good has ever been found in.

Such language induced the soldiers to follow them, and as the crowd made a short or circuitous distance, Michael Bestuscheff ordered them to charge them and exclaiming "Long live the true faith!" turning upon Colonel Khvostchenko, who, with a sub-officer and a private, had attached him, struck him to the earth. His audacity roused his opponents and seeing the sudden and perfect, a mood exhilarated, he ordered the regiment to march towards the square of the Senate, the general rendezvous of the insurgents. The appearance of the grenadiers on the ground, which had taken the oath, was also induced to desert by their officers, and to range themselves on the side of Constantine. On the third declared the cure of the Emperor's death, and the accession of Constantine. It is alleged that in abolishing for the constitution, their appearance was so great, that they thought they were dreaming in the midst of Constantine.

Had the chosen leader of the insurgents possessed the necessary qualifications for his post, or all probability the broken would have succeeded. A very large body of troops was in open revolt, and the contagion was spreading rapidly among the rest and the chosen. There was complicity may have destroyed. Each member was bound to pay into the palace and spoiling the persons of the Czar and his family. They, however, talked too much and a still worse fault, were too long in coming to action. Which instead of stating the soldiery as they had intended, only crippled them, and large bodies of troops remained magnetic of the Senate Square. Divisions broke out in their ranks and many members in alarm for their safety. Fearful of a result, the leaders declared the society dissolved in February, 1817, and burned the rules and all the written documents. It was re-formed in St. Petersburg in 1822. Pestel had, however, by his energy and ability obtained it in the south.

On its reconstitution the society changed its name into the "Union of Salvation," and published only two classes, the *believers* and the *achievers*. The privileges of members were the same in the directory and controlling its acts was reserved for the former. Physical and moral proofs were required of a candidate. Each had to write three letters, one to the Emperor, and the candidate was not received until he had complied with one of a variety of conditions.

The "Union Regarde" discussed the basis of a Constitution for Russia, and at first agreed upon a limited monarchy, with the country divided into twenty provinces, having independent governments of States. But like their predecessors, they finally adopted the republican form for a time by an enormous vote. They then arranged a connection between the societies of the North and the South, but the latter of which had been kept together by Pestel. A military insurrection was the means decided upon, and the destruction of the imperial family was to be the signal for the revolt.

The society of the South learned that the Emperor Alexander and the Grand Duke Nicholas would soon reach the fortress of Bobinsk, to review the troops of the 18th military division. The occasion was too favorable to be allowed to escape, and Count Vasilief determined to try a military insurrection. He had under his command a regiment which he caused to be assembled, and the oath of allegiance to Nicholas. Finding himself abandoned by the greater part of his men, he called upon the old nobility, the discontented lords would rapidly flock to their standard. The Czar and his suite arrived on the road. Count Vasilief did not scorn of testing it. A similar plan in 1814, at Bayonne, had placed the throne of the Emperor Napoleon off his journey.

Although this society had entered into a correspondence with the patriotic Polish society, yet it was unable to disarm itself of the national antipathy to Russia. It was also driven over to the society was when a rally report was spread that the Emperor Alexander was dead, and he refused to take the oath, and the rest to labor on the public works for life. Pestel, who was also arrested at Tulczin, had had an interview with Nicholas on the eve of his death, and appears to have consent as to the mode of governing Russia in conformity with the views and ideas of the autocratic Czar, and there is no doubt that latter ideas of nationality more than his predecessors and Alexander.

The executions took place on the 13th of July, and with it died out the hope that might still linger in the minds at any of subverting the government of the Czar. The reigning monarch, in the time in New York, of the new law, expelling all the Russian subjects who had been deported to Spain. They object was to join her; but owing to the difficulty of procuring passports, this object was not easily attained. To Spain, this object was not easily attained. To Spain, this object was not easily attained. To Pittsburg, in December. At that place, they purchased a keel-boat, hired two persons to aid them in their navigation, and thus descended the Ohio.

They found that the immense quantity of ice almost obstructed their passage—they had been in some danger from it, and had once or twice been obliged to land, and lay up for some days, awaiting a thaw.

But these brave young men, talked freely and

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cheerfully, and with a light heart, they took their departure from the land of the serf, and the despotic power of the Czar.

Selected Poetry.

ALL'S FOR THE BEST.

BY M. F. TUPPER.

To the same Measure as "Never Give Up."

All's for the best, let misfortune and calamity
Trouble and sorrow our friends in disguise
Fortune may frown, but the heart of a Christian
Courage Content is happy and wise
Let the world go as it will, we can but know it
Providence rules in all to be blest
Then, whatever befalls us, we'll say it
Heaven is gracious, and—All's for the best!

All's for the best—sorrow on your conduct
Soldier of darkness, or pilgrim of love,
Who, in the shadow of Heaven, would have wandered
A way-ward comforter, or lover-stricken dove
All's for the best—this is a sure but comforting,
Soothing, and cheering, and blessed assurance
And the final league of His creature—a guidance,
Verily and truly, and sure as Heaven!

All's for the best! then sing every sorrow,
Meet all your troubles with hope in the van
And in the midst of your dangers or sorrow,
Trust like a child, and you'll find it the plan
All's for the best!—undaunted, unbounded,
Hopeful, and trusting, and loving to be
And by both modest and merry surrounded
Hope and in hope that All's for the best.

Pictures of Life.

FROM GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

LOVE AND LOYALTY.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

The town of G———, on the Ohio river, was originally settled by French emigrants, principally royalists, many of whom gentlemen, to this day, their national character, customs and prejudices. Their descendants have always been noted hospitality for refinement and intelligence, who, having lost their wealth in the first troubles of the French revolution and Europe, were enabled to keep with them the manners of the old court and the spirit of fashion. This family consisted of old Jean Dulaire, his daughter by an officer of the court of the unfortunate Louis, and still a faithful and fiery-hearted royalist; his daughters, an only child, gay, charming, and beautiful, with their aunt for her mother, her nephew, Jacques Le Brun, a scholar and a gentleman, and Pierre Tonnelier, a lad who had been adopted by the family.

Now it happened, very naturally, in the course of human events, that Jacques loved his bewitching cousin Isabelle, and she loved him in return, and (sensation French gaol) and so, one fine summer morning, they were married, and went to live upon the old gentleman's farm, where Jacques soon his own's dearest wish, and became a happy farmer, father, and the planter, a gay, handsome and accomplished Frenchman, once attached to an honorable regiment in the time of Orleans.

I suppose I may as well inform my readers that the old lady of years since departed this world, which took place when Jules was about seventeen, and that maiden her rather an "old gaol" in captivity and that of them on leaving the hotels in the morning soul, "It will be soon to-day that there will be a fight between Dulaire and Jacques." This Jacques Brutor appeared on the scene of action but for a short time, and then married a spectator. In another took refuge first beneath a bridge, and then in the house of his uncle, who was a Senator, and who, like a good Frenchman, was over to the Emperor.

Partial, but ineffective conspirators also broke out in other parts of the empire. Moscow, however, was the centre of the movement in Warsaw, Tambof, and the south. Colonel Pestel, the soul of the southern society, with some other leaders, was arrested at Tulczin. A handful of men made an attempted resistance, but were soon overpowered and the prisoners were taken to the capital by easy journeys, were now in take their train before the tribunals of the country.

The Austrian Ambassador was now compelled to deliver up the Prince Trubetzkoi on the demand of the Emperor, he denied everything, but having received from the Prince a letter which he had written, showed his complicity on the affair, and which had been found on the person of the latter. Some of the less implicated were released on their examination, and all the conspirators whom he knew, exposed their designs and betrayed their associates. Trubetzkoi was then attacked to a party of men, coming up from the bank of the river, and, by the order of the Czar, were brought over the house, John was struck by the masters at the door, and, on entering the house, found Jules walked deliberately, yet precipitately, he seemed both happy and unmanned, and in his eye shone the light of a high resolve. Jacques, on the other hand, the old—poor, true in religion, and ardent as love and loyalty can make him.

The strangers were dressed as travellers, it all appeared to be a party of pleasure, and they were received with considerable pleasure, even roughness. Two of them were evidently but common boatmen, but the other two, one, Jacques knew at once, were gentlemen, though strong and hardy-looking, had almost the comfort of refinement, and air of superiority, and the punishment of quartering was omitted; the latter were simply hung. The chief priest was condemned to death but their punishment commuted to labor on the public works for life, having been degraded. It has been said that Pestel had an interview with Nicholas on the eve of his death, and appears to have consent as to the mode of governing Russia in conformity with the views and ideas of the autocratic Czar, and there is no doubt that latter ideas of nationality more than his predecessors and Alexander.

Remaining with their friends, these brave and adventurous young princes related enough of their recent history to arrouse for their safety, and they immediately left the house, and cautiously travelling through various parts of the country, at length reached Pittsburg, while resting for some in New York, of the new law, expelling all the Russian subjects who had been deported to Spain. Their object was to join her; but owing to the difficulty of procuring passports, this object was not easily attained. To Spain, this object was not easily attained. To Pittsburg, in December. At that place, they purchased a keel-boat, hired two persons to aid them in their navigation, and thus descended the Ohio.

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Selected Articles.

A GENTLE REPROOF.

One day as Zachariah Hodgson was going to his store somewhat sooner than usual—he—I might say first large coffin, and sent it home, with directions to his wife to have it cooked for dinner. As no other mode of cooking it was prescribed, the good woman well knew that, whether she boiled or made it into chowder, her husband would scold her when he came home. But she resolved to please herself for once, if possible, and therefore put a portion of it in several different ways. Whether, with some little difficulty, procured an emplacement for them a bench in the back yard, and pumped it into the pot. In due time her husband came home, and sat down to the table, and with a frowning, tauntful countenance, the needy man commenced the conversation.

"Well, Wife, did you get the fish I bought?"

"Yes, my dear."

"I should like to know how you have cooked it. I will bet any thing that you have spoiled it in my eating. (Tasting off the cutter.) I thought so. What in creation possessed you to fry it. I never in all fried a boiled fish."

"Why, my dear, I thought you loved it best fried."

"You didn't think any such thing. You knew I loved it boiled, and you said you liked it best fried. But if I have boiled some other fish, I'll be hanged if I don't have it fried, and let the sheet-anchor of the old navely boiled, were nearly destroyed by the ice, and also with repeated repairs, but which only added to the stability of the vessel. Whether, what we had fished into intense I as these introductions passed through the hands of several masters, but if taught, procured his liberty through the charms of his genius and acquired great reputation among the Germans. He died about two hundred and eighty years before Christ.

NEW PROSPECTUS.

ALWAYS IN THE VAN.

TRULY A MAMMOTH SHEET.

REDUCED PRICES TO CLUBS.

The Proprietors of the SATURDAY EVENING POST, extended from the experiences of the last two years that it is the "smallest destiny" of their paper, to take its stand at the very head of the weekly press, have resolved to make the Post more worthy than ever of its high position. They accordingly new announce to the public their intention, as soon as they can consummate the necessary arrangements (probably in two or three weeks) to

ENLARGE THE POST.

The enlargement they contemplate will enable them to by the equivalent of eight more columns of reading, before their subscribers weekly—being in fact an addition of one-fourth to the present size of the paper.

CHARACTER OF THE PAPER.

The general character of the old paper—such as it has been under the supervision of the present Editor—shall be maintained.

It shall be neutral in Politics and Religion, at the same time that it shall not fear to speak above its breath.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED ARTICLES.

Its Original Tales, Sketches, Essays, &c., shall be of the highest character. The tastes of no article can be overlooked, from a foolish respect for its originality.

Its Selected Articles will be procured from first sources; and the readers of the POST may depend upon finding in its pages the best Tales, Essays, &c., that appear either in the foreign or domestic magazines. Thus laying the whole English and American world under contribution.

AGRICULTURAL.

The Agricultural matter, of which the *Post has always given heretofore double the quantity of any other paper*, shall be composed of the best articles that can be found in the numerous periodicals devoted to the subject. Making in this way our Agricultural Department superior to what it could be made by the services of any single writer.

NEWS.

The News, both foreign and domestic, shall be full, and as far as possible, accurate—and be laid before the reader at the earliest possible moment.

MONEY MATTERS.

The Bank Note List is corrected weekly. A full and accurate account of the Markets, the Sales of Stock, &c., are also weekly given.

ENGRAVINGS.

Engravings of various kinds, *in moderation*, also shall not be forgotten. But the POST shall never be allowed to degenerate into a mere show bill, to be looked at for a moment, and then tossed to the children to play with.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

Our Original Contributors are the *AUTHORS OF AMERICA*. We always hold ourselves ready to purchase articles offered to us, at a price proportioned to their merits. But authors whose writings are of a ridiculously exaggerated and immoral character, may save themselves and us the trouble of sending them for examination. *No kind or a family paper—and no article not calculated to raise the family circle can be admitted into its columns.*

OUR TERMS.

The terms of the enlarged POST to single subscribers will remain the same, viz.: $2.00 per annum, in advance; $1.00, if not paid in advance. But $3.00 in advance, one copy will be sent 4 years.

REDUCED TERMS TO CLUBS.

In order to accommodate that large number of persons who wish to take a first class paper, but notwithstanding their having cannot afford it, we have concluded to *reduce our terms to clubs*, as follows:

4 COPIES.		$5.00 PER ANNUM.
9	—And one to Agent, or the getter up of the club	$10.00 "
13	—And one to Agent, or the getter up of the club	$15.00 "
20	—And one to Agent, or the getter up of the club	$20.00 "

[We shall announce, probably next week, additional clubs to accommodate those who may wish to subscribe for any of the Philadelphia Magazines.]

A PREMIUM OFFER.

The premium offer made in the last Prospectus of the old firm, will be adhered to and continued. The offer is as follows:

The Post Office of any town in the Union, from which we shall receive the greatest number of sub, scribers to the Saturday Evening Post, during the year between the 1st of November, 1847, and the 1st of November, 1848, (the papers to be addressed in each Post Office, as to subscribers through it), shall be entitled to a continuance of the whole number of the subscriptions *gratuitously*, for one year after the expiration of the year for which their subscriptions shall have been paid.

The papers will be continued, on, either to the active citizen, or to the agents through whom we may receive the orders for quantities, and to whom the package or package may be directed, as to both, if there should be both in the same town, as the case may be.

ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

The Money for Clubs must be always sent in advance. Subscriptions may be sent at our risk—When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible. The cost of which may be deducted from the amount.] Address

DEACON & PETERSON, 98 CHESNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

[2d Editors copying the above, to a fair abstract of it, or who will give a notice of the new form and enlarged size of the Post, will be sent one year (the paper to be addressed) in their subscribers. Those who may do so, will be entitled to an exchange. Such as are already entitled to an exchange for the current year, shall receive the thanks of the new firm.

BANK CAPITAL OF THE UNITED STATES.

We are indebted to the "Banker's Magazine," for the following valuable table, which is made up from the latest official Reports, and exhibits the amount of Bank Capital, that the population and Specie, in each of the States. A few only are estimates, and these from correct data.

States	Population, 1840	No. of Banks	Capital.	Circulation.	Specie.
New York County (	4,122,000	144	51,500,000	19,270,000	3,228,000
New York City		53	33,000,000	17,000,000	2,274,000
Pennsylvania County (	1,724,000	91	7,000,000	6,000,000	1,000,000
Philadelphia		26	16,000,000	4,000,000	1,000,000
Ohio	1,519,000	54	6,512,000	3,000,000	1,000,000
Virginia	1,239,000	31	10,000,000	4,000,000	1,000,000
Massachusetts	737,000	76	9,000,000	4,000,000	1,000,000
Louisiana	352,000	15	7,000,000	5,000,000	1,000,000
New Orleans		13	15,000,000	10,000,000	1,000,000
Maryland County (	1,042,000	25	7,000,000	3,000,000	1,000,000
Baltimore		15	7,000,000	3,000,000	1,000,000
Kentucky	779,000	40	7,000,000	3,000,000	1,000,000
Tennessee	829,000	25	7,000,000	3,000,000	1,000,000
Boston City		70	19,000,000	7,000,000	1,000,000
Georgia	691,000	31	3,000,000	2,000,000	1,000,000
Indiana	686,000	13	2,000,000	1,000,000	1,000,000
South Carolina	594,000	21	4,000,000	2,000,000	1,000,000
Alabama, (Mobile)	590,000	18	5,000,000	3,000,000	1,000,000
Mississippi	375,000	7	2,000,000	1

United States SATURDAY POST.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, No. 1 Hanover street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our general travelling agent for the Western States, assisted by Lyman E. Smith, J. T. Love, C. Gardner Smith, Frederick J. Hoover, John W. Armstrong, Lewis Taylor, H. M. Greenwood and W. Kennedy.

Mr. ISRAEL E. JAMES, 182 North Tenth street, Philadelphia, is our general travelling agent for the Southern and South-Western States, assisted by Joseph Wilson, Charles F. Wall, G. D. Hyde, Jesse Jobe, Wm. T. B. Waterman, John Collins, James Donaldson, James T. Wilson and H. P. James.

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS of Montgomery, Alabama, is our assistant travelling agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

JOHN NIMMO, Canada East and West.
THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.
Mr. WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Dover, DELAWARE, &c. in New Jersey.
ISAAC S. HOWLEY will receive subscribers and subscriptions for us in the State of Ohio.
MORTIMER T. WEED, do. do. for New York State.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
May be obtained weekly at the Reporters' Desk of *REDDING & Co., No. 5, State Street, Boston*; of *ROBINSON & JOSLIN, No. 100 Fulton Street, Cincinnati*; of *PELTON & BOILEAU, Mobile, Alabama*; of *JAMES CAMPBELL, Albany*; of *GEORGE W. NOBLE, Louisville, Ky.*; of *M. C. PETERSON, Buffalo*; and of *W. W. TAYLOR & Co., Baltimore Md.* Of *HARPER & PARSONS, Nantucket*.
Subscriptions will be received at either of the above mentioned Depots.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ARRIVAL OF THE HIBERNIA.

ADVANCE IN COTTON—DECLINE IN GRAIN.

By the arrival of the Hibernia at New York on the 16th inst., we have dates from Liverpool to January 29th.

There has been a good demand for cotton, and an advance of a sixteenth. The sales of the week were 40,000 bales, of which speculators took 2,000 and exporters 3,000. Sales on Friday (29th) 6,000 bales, including 2,000 to the trade. Middling Orleans 5d. to 5d., Mobile 5¼d. to 4¾.

The grain market has declined. The following were the rates at Liverpool on the 29th. Flour 20s. 6d. to 21s. Western Canal 20s. 6d. to 21s. Ohio 21s. per 196 lbs. Meal, 14s. 6d. per 196 lbs., with the market very dull.

The Bank of England has reduced the rate of discount in four per cent. The rate in the bank parlors is three per cent.

A general insurrection has broken out in all the principal cities of Sicily, and the troops were driven from Messina, Catania, Syracuse and Girgenti in terror. The hotel of the British Consul was attacked, and the Consul was obliged to escape in disguise. There are two brigades at Palermo for the protection of the Consulates.

The King of Prussia's 61st birth day, on the 15th, is reported, but he was so bad on the 16th that he was not expected to survive many hours.

Espartero has returned to Spain, and was received with the greatest enthusiasm by the principal cities by the people. He has taken his seat in the Senate.

English intelligence is very scanty at present, and as likely to be contradicted as the reverse by the morning's paper.

The King of Bavaria has ordered those Jesuits who have taken refuge there banished from his dominions, in the brave old style of the olden time.

The Directors of the Mexican Mining Association have appointed Mr. Buchanan, a gentleman of their body, to go to Mexico, and report on the state of affairs, and to ascertain the probability of obtaining the restitution of the mines, pursuant to treaties and the character of the person, a high seasoned dish after the Texas business

Selected Poetry.

MY OWN FIRESIDE.

Let others seek for empty joys
At ball or concert, rout or play;
While, far from fashion's idle noise,
The gilded dames and trappings get,
I while the winter eves away.

I wish local and time be gone,
And sacred hour I'd ne'er could envy
From these—my own fireside.

My own fireside! Those simple words
Can lull the coarsest clowning mood,
Awaken feeling's neglected chords,
And fill with tears of joy my eyes.
What is there my wild heart can prize
That doth not in thy sphere abide,
Home of my home-bred sympathies,
My own—my own fireside?

A gentle form is near me now;
A small white hand is clasped in mine;
I gaze upon her placid brow,
And ask what joys can equal mine!
A babe, whose beauty's half divine,
In sleep his mother's eyes doth hide:
Where may love seek a fitter shrine
Than thine—my own fireside?

What care I for the smiles you cast
Of weak wishers, that ravage-earth,
It doth but fill me prize the more
The shelter of thy hallowed hearth:
To thoughts of quiet bliss given birth!
Then let the cheerful tempest chide,
It cannot check the blameless mirth
That glads my own fireside.

My refuge ever from the storm
Of this world's passion, strife, and care,
Though thunder-clouds the sky deform,
There fury cannot reach me there.
There all is cheerful, calm, and free;
Words, malice, envy, strife, or pride,
Hath never made its hated be,
By time—my own fireside.

The prescents are a charmed ring,
Where no harsh feeling dares intrude;
Where life's smallness lose their sting,
Where even grief is half subdued,
And Peace, the lustrous, loves to brood
Then let the pampered fool deride
I'll pay my debt of gratitude
To thee—my own fireside.

Haven of calm, hoarded of desires!
Fair scene of home's ennobled joys!
To thee my broadest spoils does
When fortune frowns or when she smiles
Those is the bliss that never sleeps.
The oasis whose fresh lure doth not fade
What, then, are this world's tinsel toys
To thee—my own fireside?

Oh may the yearnings, fond and sweet,
That fill me, through the toil of time
That even guide my wandering feet
To thy blest haven—my home!
Whatever my future years may be!
Let me or grief or joy be known,
Be still an Eden bright to me.
My own—my own fireside.

Selected Articles.

THE ELK RUNNERS.

The following extraordinary relation is literally true. Major John Dougherty, the "Kentuckian" mentioned, is still living in Clay county, Missouri, which latter was recently recorded in the Legislature, besides having filled the important post of Indian Agent. He was famous in his youth, before the days of steam and mountain men, as a hunter of extraordinary skill and endurance. We should like, of all things, to hear his own statement of an adventure, which is, certainly, among the most marvellous ever heard of in the annals of action—if, indeed, anything can startling to compose with it.

In the year 1836, the Missouri Fur Company had a post just below Council Bluff, named Fort Lisa, after the gentleman who established it. There was much competition in the trade at that time, and it was a great point to select the very best men for hunters.

Mr. Lisa had with him a young Kentuckian named D——, a fine daring fellow, with a frame of iron, the speed of the ostrich, and the endurance of the camel. He was fortunate, moreover, in the possession of a half-breed called Mal Barré, who, notwithstanding his name, (mal here) was considered of hardly less merit than D——, and his two men, consequently, a keen rivalry existed. They had travelled on foot from the Blackland Hills to Fort Lisa, a distance of ninety or one hundred miles! Mal Barré also boasted some astonishing feats of "bottom," and both were exhausted at last during the time that we speak of, for the purpose of providing venison.

One evening in July, the weather extremely warm, the game high, and no water to be found near with meat, the two men were playing at cards, when their employer came up, expressed his dissatisfaction with their negligence, and ordered them to start the first thing in the morning on a hunt. Obedience was promised, of course, but the game continued, each contest growing more desperate, the spirit of each rising according their fortune in every thing, till finally, morning broke as the half-loosed declared himself to be ready. They got off sulkily on the spot, and the sun was well up when Mr. ——, the gentleman of the name, came across the—— in an opposite direction, it may be supposed,—and the delinquents fully aroused, and a little alarmed, laid down their cards and started for Papillon Creek, on the edge of the prairie, about five miles off. They then discovered a gang of elk, when the Kentuckian suggested a plan of approach, which would enable them to get a good shot. The half-breed, recalling at an companion's triumph the night previous, observed, very calmly,—

"I have elk with my gun, but wait my knife."

The plan to the other was avowed in an instant, rapidly interpreting the taunt as a challenge to a trial of speed and bottom, and on his saying proudly, that what his companion could do, he could do also, both hung their guns on a tree, and approaching the herd as near as possible, they suddenly raised the Indian yell, which has a most penetrating effect upon the animals.

Off the cautious went across a low prairie, a few miles in width, imposing their pursuers to the last hand, but steadily the latter continued their pace, nevertheless. They reached the bluff—ascended—descended—one remove upon another—and still the stands, "never to say fail." Longer after longer and longer, and the cautious, the ones pasting like lizards, cooling their mouths in running on several rounds' stands. The hunting of the herd to their prime, but still unpausing, until, opposite the Elk Horn River, a distance of twenty miles, by mutual agreement they took to the water for the account of speed, got ahead of the elk, and actually swam—not crossing—and coming. Longer and longer, upon a new track, the closer continued, the animals by this time so exhausted by heat, thirst, and above all, fright—for the hunters had incessantly used forth their yells, in that so much a stream of water as to deprive the elk of the power that they scarcely extended their pursuers in speed the while, panting and exhausted, they succeeded in redoubled their efforts, until the elk, reaching a favorable point of observation of their lords, plunged desperately in, lay down and abandoned themselves, most of all else, to the gratification of their thirst. The frontier rifles, made so hand, fanned at other their prey, began the work of death—running not till they had butchered each his elk, dragged them from the water, and cut up and prepared the meat for transportation to the fort, whither they had to return the horses.

But how are cured? No! for victory or death was the mutual determination—and, as yet, neither had given way. Off darted now the indomitable half-breed, and off at their heels the wondering Kentuckian. Ridge and hollow, stream and timber, (no rolling now,) a desperate silence was left behind. The sun was nothing—blind, staggering, as they were—reached the fort—fought well and vanished, as from the chase, the "quarrel" of the half-breed was at last declared ruined and exhausted men, who had arrived together, but not by hunting, still side by side, a long time, before they were enabled, by signs and whispers, to tell they had run down nations elk, and yet couldn't each which was the best man!

That fact brought upon D——— an affection of the lungs, and that sickness has followed him ever since. He is still alive—a grand and unfortunate relique.

Mal Barré became very dissipated, and died in a short time.

Our statement tells us, that he has made an examination of the country forming the race track himself and they, without exaggeration, must have run seventy-five miles between the hours of 8, A. M., and 7, P. M.

CONFIDENCE WANTED.—"Why am I like Texas?" said an unlicensed Muse that, be a hundred times, was did not "speak up," as the saying is.

"I do not know," said the grown one.

"Because I'm a *lone Star*."

"Yaw," said the fellow, brightening up, "let her progress unrestrain."

COURTS AND LAWYERS.

BY HENRY CLAY.

[The following is an extract from a speech lately made at the Supreme Court:]

I happened, some years ago, in the performance of a public service, to be elected a member of, and accidentally attended both houses of Parliament, and the Courts in Westminster Hall. Sir, if in contemplating those great assemblies, and those learned tribunals, I had any thing to envy, upon a personal and mere with the company of the despatch of business.

I entered the Court-room, I remember, very early one morning. Their lordships, the Judges, were clothed with the gowns like your heroes, but that was the only analogy between your heroes and them, for they were, also, their flowing wigs, falling upon their shoulders. While there, there were no spanking eyes, no bewitching smiles, no female forms; the whole company, and I think, may it please your honors, it was not larger than the hall of this—contained only the Judges and officers of the Court, and a host of gentlemen of the legal profession. Upon the first seats the elder members of the bar, the sergeants at law; and upon the seats behind, the other members of the bar, all clothed in their gowns. Well, sir, the Lord Chancellor had pronounced the introductory—"God save the King," his lordship seated the oldest sergeant, "Have you any motions, gentlemen?" "Yes, please your lordship; I have a cause on which I wish to establish this point," assuming the seat. "Why," said his lordship, "I've heard something about that." "Yes, my lord," the sergeant, "I will rest to quote a few authorities." "It is of no use," said his lordship, turning to his counsel, "the point cannot be established," and the same observation was echoed along the line of Judges, and the case was dismissed in less time than it takes me to describe the incident.

Now, it is a matter of great wonder how, in such a country as England, with a wealthy population such as hers, justice should be administered as expeditiously. It can only be done by economizing the time of the Court, by not hearing unnecessary argument, and by avoiding prolonged and useless discussion. So, I leave there as a great utterance to be made for some of our brethren of the profession, especially those from Philadelphia. Nothing can be further from my purpose than to detract from the merit of a speech which a Philadelphia lawyer can make. I do not mean to say that these speeches are not always pertinent, eloquent, and full of learning; I only mean to say that they are not short. [Some merriment was here indulged in by the very crowded audience, the expression of which was quickly suppressed by the officers of the Court.]

I do not intend, sir, the slightest disrespect. I know many gentlemen among the bar, about some of the professions who are Philadelphians—as Dallas, a Lewis, an Ingersoll, and others. A Philadelphia lawyer is no "quarter lawyer;" he is a noble creature—he toils his four nine hours, and if a little urged he can repeat them. Now this delay takes place between the administration of justice, some times proceeds from the observance of forms prescribed by law—sometimes, though, I believe it is to be attributed to the Court—sometimes, and so much more frequently, I think, to the members of the bar. Sir, when I attended, as I did once or twice in the session, I sheltered by Bank, I was there impressed still more with the economy of the despatch of business.

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NEW PROSPECTUS.

ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

TRULY A MAMMOTH SHEET.

REDUCED PRICES TO CLUBS.

The Proprietors of the SATURDAY EVENING POST, satisfied from the experience of the last two years that it is the "maelstrom destiny" of their paper, to take its stand at the very head of the weekly press, have resolved to make the Post more worthy than ever of its high position. They accordingly now have the pleasure of calling the attention of the public to the fact, that the POST has been

GREATLY ENLARGED.

This enlargement enables them to lay the equivalent of eight mouse columns of reading, before their subscribers weekly—being in the proportion of One-fourth to the old system of the paper.

CHARACTER OF THE PAPER.

The general character of the old paper—such as it has been under the supervision of the present Editor—shall be maintained.

It shall be neutral in Politics and Religion, at the same time that it shall not fear to speak above its breath.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED ARTICLES.

Its Original Tales, Sketches, Essays, &c., shall be of the highest character. The limits of no article can be overclouded, from a foolish respect for its originality.

Its Selected Articles will be presented from first sources; and the readers of the POST may depend upon finding in its pages the best Tales, Sketches, &c., that appear either in the foreign or domestic magazines. Thus laying the wide English and American world under contribution.

AGRICULTURAL.

The Agricultural matter, of which *the Post has always given hereafter double the quantity of any other paper*, shall be composed of the best articles that can be found in the numerous periodicals devoted to the subject. Makers. Making the whole one Agricultural Department superior to what it could be made by the services of any single writer.

NEWS.

The News, both foreign and domestic, shall be full, and as far as possible, accurate—and be laid before the reader at the earliest possible moment.

MONEY MATTERS.

The Bank Note List is corrected weekly. A full and accurate account of the Markets, the Sales of Stocks, &c., are also weekly given.

ENGRAVINGS.

Engravings of various kinds, *for embellishment*, also shall not be forgotten. But the POST shall never be allowed to degenerate into a mere show bill, to be loaded at for a moment, and then tossed to the children to play with.

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THREE COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post, and ONE of either Graham's Magazine or Godey's Lady's Book for SIX DOLLARS.

FIVE COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post, and TWO of either Graham's Magazine or Godey's Lady's Book for SEVEN DOLLARS.

THREE COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post, and TWO of the Ladies' Gazlandor for FIVE DOLLARS.

SIX COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post, and TWO of the Ladies' Garland for TEN DOLLARS.

TWO COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post, and TWO of the Forsaken, containing 232 pages of original letter press, and 8 of Saturday Evening Post, for FIVE DOLLARS.

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The papers will be continued on, either to the subscribers themselves or to the agents through whom they were originally sent, and to those who may order the papers or packages may be *directed*, or to both, if there should be both in the same town, as the case may be.

ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

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CHARLES J. PETERSON, 98 CHESNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

☞ Editors copying the above, on a fair abstract of it, or who will give a notice of the new form and enlarged paper (we ask not that they shall be pointed), but be *natural*) in their editorial columns, shall be entitled to an exchange. Such as are already entitled to an exchange for the current year, shall receive the thanks of the new form.

United States SATURDAY POST.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, No. 1 Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our general travelling agent throughout the United States, and is authorized to receive subscriptions for the Saturday Evening Post, Graham's Magazine, and Godey's Lady's Book. *Agents: E. M. Stonebraker, and W. Hamilton.*

Mr. DANIEL B. JAMES, 160 North Tenth street, Philadelphia, is our general travelling agent for the Eastern and North Western States. *Agents: Daniel B. James, Jr. & Brother, William H. Weld, O. H. P. Stone, John Neal, Jr., Richard Stone, and Robert Barnes.*

Mr. HENRY M. DEVEREUX, 160 North Tenth street, Philadelphia, is our general travelling agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

THOMAS SICKELS is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE receives for us in Boston.

JAMES PEARCE, in New Jersey.

MR. JOHN CLARK, in Baltimore, receives subscribers and receipts for the Saturday Evening Post, Graham's Magazine, and Godey's Lady's Book.

MORTIMER Y. WEBB, on the 4th floor New York Tribune Building, New York, is our Agent for the Saturday Evening Post.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained of the following Agents: Depot of NEWSPAPERS, No. 3 North Second Street, Philadelphia. *JOSEPH M. SNOWDEN, Mobile, Alabama.*

CHARLES BOULMET, Mobile, Alabama.

JOHN CLARK, Baltimore, Md.

GEORGE W. NOBLE, Lancaster, Pa.

W. M. WILSON, Pittsburgh, Pa.

NEW YORK AGENCY, No. 1 Harrison street.

☞ Postmasters generally throughout the United States and Canada are authorized to act as Agents for the Saturday Evening Post. Postmasters will be supplied with the paper gratis, and receive a commission of twenty-five per cent. on all money remitted.

General News.

LAST VERSES.

The National Intelligencer publishes the following copy of verses found in the room of Mr. Adams, on the day preceding his fatal attack of illness, and delivered to the gentleman to whom they were addressed, which had been engendered by intimate friend:

Written by Mrs. O. L. Edmonds, of Maryland.

FROM SPIRIT'S ANSWER.

Thy mission's done, the poet's gone,
Your song of love was misplaced,
From Love's own Eagle rendered
But now, alas! a dove.

Alone the poet's numbers,
Alone the poet's lyre,
Or with the mortal slumbers
Its dying echoes die.

Dear departed! thou hast left me
In grief so utterly drear,
The gone must be remembered,
To spend the light of time
Remembered, ah! how sadly,
Until death unbinds your bond,
To empty with corresponding sadness
The cup of memory fond.

HYDROPHOBIA.

The following is said to be a sure preventive of hydrophobia, and is recommended by French physicians. M. Cosse' Take two table spoonfuls of fresh chloride of lime, or common bleaching salt, in the pail of water, and with this wash keep the wound constantly bathed, and frequently moisten with it the cloth and simple MARKS.

Also, for sale, wholesale and retail, by

JOHN INSKEEP & CO.,
No. 144 Chesnut street, above Second.

READ THIS AND LEARN HOW TO GET CLEAR FROM $50 TO $100 A YEAR.

THE PUBLIC IS EVERY TOWN Wanting and must be supplied with the **GREAT PICTORIAL WORK OF THE AGE!** The **GREAT PICTORIAL MACHINE!** and **POPULAR PICTORIAL WORK!** which will be furnished to be the **FIRST PUBLISHED**, so they can have the first and only agency since each copied of at least 865 pages, with full illustrations, and will be furnished, with no circulation, if copies of Two Sets for four dollars, or $2.00 each.

Will exchange for any copy, as an act of kindness, for the benefit of the

PORTRAIT OF MR. ADAMS.

The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Patriot says: "Mr. Huntley, the head of the reporters in Washington, who is an artist of much merit, has made a most faithful sketch of Mr. Adams, as he lies on his couch breathing his last breath, with a countenance peculiarly calmed placid. I have seen seen a more truthful and just portraiture of any one living, dying or dead, than this one, which Mr. Huntley has fortunately sketched at the time."

Original Essay.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

We have received a series of articles from an eminent lawyer of this city, upon the "Rights of Women." It is probable that there may be some points in which we do not entirely agree with the learned author; but as an authoritative exposition of the present laws in relation to woman-kind, we are pleased to lay them before our readers.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN.

NO. I.

When we cast our eyeing on the world we perceive that one-half of the human race enjoys power, authority and honor, and that it exercises an unbounded influence for good or for evil on the other, which is dependent upon it. We see, too, that not unfrequently this power is exercised in the most lawless manner. It is not confined to one nation or one race of men, but extends to all people and to all climates, and it has been exercised at all times, since the creation. I speak of the power which men assert and have exerted over women from the time of the creation to the present moment.

Not only by our laws but by our customs and habits, have our mothers, our wives and our daughters been deprived of their rights. Why is it that females labor in so badly paid? that women are confined in their occupations to those which yield the least profit? Why does custom render them invisible in "genteel society" and exclude her from the very places where she can be most benefited? Why is it that she is not allowed to enter any profession more lucrative than the clumsy hand of a man, and then she has more patience, and therefore is better qualified for such business, than a man, but is not permitted to enter the field of competition with man, and that the latter professes to "take out for the party, or that her delicacy forbids it. But she is permitted to enter into competition with him in those occupations where her labor is but poorly paid, and even here she is made to hold a second place. The emoluments are but trifling indeed.

On the subject of education, why is it that we are not taught the real business of life? This education is confined, even among the best of them, to the common branches of reading, writing and arithmetic, some smattering of music and painting, dancing, and a few similar accomplishments, which are refinements more for the benefit of others than of themselves. They are seldom brought up with the means of making themselves easily independent. They are trained like the vine along side of the sturdy oak, to lean upon it for support, and become an encumbrance to its massive trunk and for outspreading branches. Deprived of its support, they fall to the ground in consequence of a wretched, feeble and withered existence.

Thus educated what can be expected? That they shall take the lead in the affairs of men? Public affairs, which require much time with labor and study, are not, in the present state of society, entrusted to females. The mind is there, cultivate it, and it will manifest itself in a way which would grace the most favored sons of genius.

But my object is not to show generally that women are robbed of many rights and privileges to which they are justly entitled, but to call attention to a few things in particular. I intend, merely, in some future numbers, to point out, in some detail, the injustice, cruelty, barbarity, and absurdity of the laws relative to women, as it exists in England and most of the States of our Union, which have descended these statutes from the English law.

BRUTUS.

From Washington.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE.

In consequence of the sudden illness and death of Mr. ADAMS, neither House has had as many sessions as usual during the week.

On the 23rd a message was received in the Senate from the President, communicating the treaty executed from Mexico.

Mr. ALLEN submitted a resolution for consideration, calling upon the President for information whether any operations by the forces of Mexico had been suspended, by an armistice being agreed upon, and if so, to whom and upon what terms and authority.

Mr. CLAY also submitted a resolution for consideration, instructing the Judiciary Committee to inquire whether the act of 1846 required an examination of claims for French spoliations before taking correspondence with the owners in time of hostilities.

Mr. ALLEN also submitted a resolution revoking the commission of Nicholas P. Trist, as commissioner to negotiate a treaty with Mexico.

Mr. CASS then submitted a resolution for consideration, instructing the Committee on Commerce to inquire whether the act of 1846 required an examination of claims for French spoliations before taking correspondence with the owners in time of hostilities.

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Poetry.

...G OF THE FIRE.

...ATHAN TAYLOR.

...hearth-stone, broad and bright,
...a lonely farm-house on a cheerful light
...calm of the Winter's night.

...footsore were the giants
...ched human hearts and round dozens
...ergale hair-seated in the flickering hues.

...ome toil to his logs were given,
...and was loosed on his happy brood,
...the thrush of the human his soul regained;

...d even a gentle memory came
...om the clear bright heart of the unwearying flame,
...ke the flickering thrill of a worshipped name.

...He kissed her on the mouth, spoke lovely
...And told her in tender words, the best
...At whispered under the roof-tree's breath;

...And o'er them a steady radiance came
...From the shining heart of the wakeful flame
...Like a love that burns through life the same.

...The maiden smiled through her joy-dimmed eyes,
...As he bid her listen to what was wise,
...Whom slumbrous light on the rosier lies.

...And a moment passed the laughing flame,
...And it listened awhile, and then there came
...A dreary hand from an overlying room.

...He summed a home by pure love time,
...Clasping their souls in a sunset rest.
...Like wreathed bind in their early nest.

...There slept, tumultuously, the blue to be,
...And heeded not longer the love it saw and
...In the sunshine shorn that climbed his knee.

...And the flame went on with its darkening song,
...And heeded and laughed to the end of it long,
...Who set us in exclusive and strong.

...Then broke and fell a disastrous hour
...To the cold, dead ashes it fed and loosed,
...And in no heart glowed the ember's power.

...And the flame died to the smoke stain,
...For the gloom of a sullen sweetness spread
...On the entire landscape without a shred.

...But, hurrying over its accustomed bed,
...The happy stream flowed unchanging,
...And again through the flowerbeds in glory shed;

...And over its course it seemed to be,
...Like a sign of wrath or a mysterious frown,
...The ugly wrack on its serene face.

...The way went on in its silent flow,
...Wrapped in the waving and wreathed glow of
...That blushed in yours of the Summer sky.

...The happy spirits learned the cheer
...Of laughing voice and unrestricted rhyme—
...A mere music for observers.

...ay fell a faster on glorious start,
...And the heart of the heart grew,
...the quiet homestead of the heart.

A True Story.

THE VOICE OF THE MUTE.

A Passage from Actual Life.

W. Gilmore Simms has an interesting article headed as above, in the last number of the Home Magazine, which is rather too genius for a newspaper to copy. The substance of it is as follows:—

A widow residing in one of the northern counties of South Carolina, had but children who were sons—a boy and a girl. "They were both nearly grown, at the period to which we entrust the attention of the reader. Though mutes, uneducated and simple, they were not dolts—it would seem, on a certain degree of natural intelligence. Their backing wholly these external aids by which society would have ignored it into activity, they were proved themselves wilful and unmanageable, as far as parental control was concerned. They were also harmless, however, offering no offence to those with whom they came in contact; and, though unruly and passionate at periods, were very fond of their exhibiting such dispositions as would have rendered them dangerous, or even troublesome to the neighborhood. They were thus tolerated, though without winning sympathy and, indeed, unattended in their somewhat erratic courses, were yet very far from possessing the favor, or even the pity, of those around them."

Both were wild and wandering in their habits, but the sister (who is represented to have been quite a graceful and pleasing character) was peculiarly so. She was literally a child of nature—the woods, wandering away, day and night, at all hours and seasons—foraging to have—fooling no fruit—and no complaint or remonstrance from any person, that it became necessary to exert the last a rude log dwelling in the thickest of the forest, where she was known to range, in order that she might, when she pleased, find a shelter and food from the inclement weather. How often or how infrequently she employed that refuge, is elsewhere to her mention, could only be conjectured. That she did use it was satisfactorily known. Thither she retired when the storm threatened, or the cold; and from thence she emerged when the weather moderated, not regarding the absence of the sun's shine, but going forth at dawn, at dusk, or in the starlight, as of she communed with other than the ordinary inhabitants of this earth.

With wild creatures she lived in a degree of social intercourse and kindly communion, such as it was utterly impossible that a being so constituted should ever have found or human society to be. Perhaps, where it was so morally supreme, that very purity would have been even present to enable her friends to caress and minister, such as her erratic habits would forever have kept in exercise. The hunters knew her shamefully looking with the deer which they pursued. They were keen, to the wit, or wandered beside the old bear, browsing, without apprehension, around her footsteps. The doe led her young fawn to the very spot where she most loved to linger, appearing to place it in the keeping of one who represented humanity only in its most friendly and affectionate aspects. The wild turkey led along the herb, on enhancement of her coming, and the partridge and the dove, acknowledging in her a nature not unlike their own, felt in her presence no necessity to use their wings. We exaggerate nothing in these statements. Such were the associations made on both sides by the mute girl. Such was the spell of a vision to invest each seeming extravagance. This testimony is greatly circumstanced by the hundreds around in our history. It was in these abodes—among this wild, simple race—in the closest association with the inferior vegetative nature—in the heart of the fox, the wild cat, and the deer—that the poor girl was known to have passed her days, when the reptile and the beast had passed, fell a victim to the carelessness or the hate of her own species. A band of hot-blood had penetrated her innermost haunts, and the wise discernment like was utterly extinct. The question naturally was, by whose hands had she perished? Who could have been guilty of a crime so dreadful in its creation, so entirely without malice, so harmless itself, so free from provocation—so calculated to the every feeling of sympathy and pity in the individuals and the general community?

Suppose, strange to say, after some wandering, settled upon the youth, her brother? There were certain facts and circumstances which would appear give a countenance to the terrible conjecture that it was by his hand that the deed was done. It appears that, for some days before her death, there had been a misunderstanding, amounting to some disagreement, between the two. In their rude simplicity, but passionate manner, they had quarrelled—as the very sentence in which the deed was done. She had given battle, and, without any known cause or provocation, he had struck her. It seem to raise his gun, only a little while after, to have fired it, and to have killed her. There exist other particulars which appeared to evidence, rendered the murder extremely probable.

He was accordingly arrested, confined and finally brought up for trial. But here a difficulty occurred—how was he to make his defence against the charge against him, especially as regards the "wild attack?" As no one could converse with him, his manner was required to endeavor to explain his conduct to the court. But no explanation—like to was accused of killing his sister, that he had required to kill her; and that he had done so to defend some of a fearful nature, that he be justifiably assisted upon. The result we guess entirely in Mr. Simms' favor.

It was only after considerable time and difficulty, that the mute could be made to comprehend the scope of the ideas which the court was trying to convey. Professor, at last, that the fat on the pan-pavel he removed from the body of the dead bear's usual media of intelligence. It was a curious study to the court to observe the intelligence of the mute, and the gradual dawning upon the quiet and steadfast face of the prisoner, of the nature of the contempt rise. From the first, there had been no sign of indifference on his part. He exhibited a large degree of curiosity and sagacity. He seemed have been able to read clearly, in the absence of sufficient intelligence to enable him a meaning of speakable being. He sense, his confinement, and the mere sense of danger, which he found himself, were all circumstances calculated to wake the way for more and stronger conclusions; and when the mother and brother were brought in, he was quickly hostile and vehemence. The details of such a scene are not to be recorded. They were given by our author and impossible to endeavor to detail the various steps of progression, or regression, which the unlearned mutes—the mid conclusions of rough and imperfect notion of the form, by which the mind of the prisoner was brought to the point of his quarrel with her on the morning of the fatal day. Enough that we can say that he was finally led to feel and followed her—that he was sorry for the deed—that he was sorry for his conclusions—her body—that he was sorry for his conclusions—her body—that he was sorry for his conclusions—her body